

Lament

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Summary: "I'm not coming with you this time." After everything he's done, after all the odds that he's fought against, Master Chief can do nothing but stand there and watch as he loses the most important woman to him. MC/Cortana

Lament

****Rila:**** So I jump on the bandwagon of writing about that final scene between Master Chief and Cortana in Halo 4 - what can I say? 343 Industries knows how to yank on all the MC/Cortana feels, and they do it hard. Also, I seem to have a thing for ultimately doomed couples

"That's not...! We go together..." "I'm not leaving you here!" "I'm not coming with you this time." *points* *sobs*

Disclaimer: If I owned Halo, Cortana wouldn't have "died" and they'd live happily ever after...or as much as a Spartan and an AI can, given that AI's only live for about seven years.

Word Count: 397

Chapter D'script: This is how the world ends.

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><p>"I'm not coming with you this time." Her smile was a lonely one, a resigned one. She'd already accepted her fate, and it was something that he found that he could not accept. Time and time again he had defied all odds, why couldn't he do the same now?

"That's not..." He searched for the for the right words. What could he say to the woman who'd always been with him, always been there for him? She had, even with her lack of a physical body, always been his partner. What, if he lost her here and now, would he do without her?

He shook his head. _"We go together."_

Cortana shook her head, the same bittersweet smile upon her lips. _"Most of me is down there,"_ she said, tilting her head to look below, where the wreckage of the ship presumably lay.

"I'm not leaving you here!" There had to be something he could do; something he could fix. He couldn't just _leave_ her here.

She took a step forward, and then another until at last, she stood before him. Reaching a hand out, her fingers skimmed his breast plate. _"I've waited so long to do that,"_ she admitted with a tinge of bitter laughter. _"This is goodbye, John."_

Though he had never catagorized things into what was _fair_ and what wasn't, he knew that this would have fallen into the latter. It was not fair at all, that he was losing his partner, his _best friend._ It was not fair at all, and if he could have cried, he would have.

* * *

><p>Fin

End
file.